

BEAST 1333 > SPAGE AGE SLAVES (2016) LYRICS

Beast 1333 - Blood Puddle lyrics

He had Blood on his Hands
She was Laying in a Puddle
Since the time that he was Two
People knew that he was Trouble
Had a Scar on his Neck
Healed wrong into a Bubble
Lives in Jersey City Heights
Dutchie Blunts he rolled them Double
Yo his mom was a who*e
On Palisade she in the Bar
When he was Just a Little Kid
She used to Leave him in the Car
It was a Prison for em
Summer time he almost Suffocated
And his Father was a Thief
Professional and Dedicated
Yo he Never saw his Son
He drank Coors Light and Sniffed Coke
His mom was just a Piece of Ass
A swift nut a Quick Poke
His clothes was always Dirty
No attention for the Boy
With a Wire Hanger and Piece of Cloth
He made a Toy
Then she started smoking Krills
Forgot the Rent forgot the Bills
Found her foaming at the Mouth
Half dead from all the Pills
He started Screaming for her
(Someone please come and Help my Mommy!)
The Super Coming Out
(What the Hell's the Matter Tommy?!)
He was looking at Her

Pointing as the Tenants called the Cops
The cops Knew Her
Cuz she done Gave the Precinct the Wops
His little shoes Dilapidated
Fit him tight them Dirty Reeboks
He was By Her Side
Everyday he visited the Detox
Then they Let her out
It wasn't long before she seeing Men Again
Freebase, Tinfoil pipes
And empty heinekens
The sounds of Moaning
Walls were thin she banging in the Room
Every time he Heard f**ing
Knew a Meal would follow Soon
Barely fed Him
Out Necessity he stealing since He ten
He had no Bed
No Hope
Not even any Friends
He didn't need them
Since the people that he Loved
Would always Hurt em
Wasn't Nothing to em
Graduate from Rape right into Murder
He was 17
So twisted was his Mind from all the Trauma
That he wouldn't feel Alive
Unless he caught up in some Drama
Banged a chick that came from Paterson

For hours he would Beat it
Came inside of her Like Nothing
Belly Grew cuz she was Seeded
He was bout to be a Pop
He had to rise to the Occasion
Had to switch the way he Thought
Gradually he started Changing
Got a Job
Cleaned his act up
And Moved them out the Building
Rented out a crib in Garfield

He thinking bout his Children
When his son Came
He never felt such Pa**ion
Yo For no one
He would care for Him
Change his Diaper
Sing to Him and Hold Him
It was all he ever Wanted
Saturdays he took the Fam
To a Park in Bergen County
In his brand New Mini Van
But you can't leave the trouble
You created left Behind
Cuz it has a way of Finding you
And surfacing in Time
His phone Ringing
While he driving 'round with wifey and the Baby
(Ring)
(Tommy you heard about your mom Man? I think they shot the
Lady"
Couldn't help but thinking to Himself
She's Better off Dead
Made a U-Turn
Thinking bout the Rotten things she Did
He choking back Tears
Thinking bout the Past
He driving Fast At
7:30 Front of her Building he's there at Last
But there was no ambulances or Cops
Not even Neighbors there
The streets was Hot and looking for him too
He Owing Favors there
He's back to the Stoop
He seen the Doors was Flung Open
And the Hallways was reeking
Cuz someone was Weed Smoking
Started climbing Steps
Thinking bout his son back in the Car
He got three more floors to Go
He climbing up he's not Far
When he got There
Was greeted with the Door Kicked off the Hinge
Seen his mother on the Floor
Hanging on to a Syringe

There was a note on the Table
Heres exactly what it Said
(I Had to k** my Mother, For Every Single thing She Did)
He seen the Murder Weapon picked it Up
Here Come the Cops and Trouble
He Had blood on his hands
She Was Laying in a Puddle